

DHSS

KNEE DEEP IN SHIT



FANZINE OF THE '1 in 12'

"THE 1 IN 12 CLUB"
BASIC INFO!

EVERY THURSDAY, 7.30 p.m. AT THE "METROPOLE", SUMNERIDGE RD. BRADFORD.

THE GOVERNMENTS "RAYNOR REPORT" CLAIMS THAT 1 IN 12 CLAIMANTS ARE DEFRAUDING THE STATE. OUR RESPONSE WAS TO OPEN THE "1 IN 12" CLUB. JOIN THE 1 IN 12 AND BE AN - ENEMY OF THE STATE: 10 MILLION CLAIMANTS CAN' T BE WRONG!

The "1 IN 12" club is a weekly venue run by the Claimants Union/& Associates! It is aimed at providing cheap live music & a venue for bands. The "1 IN 12" is run co-operatively & depends for success on the willingness of bands/artists to play because of commitment & not simply for profit. It also depends on the voluntary efforts of many comrades who help organise the club, publicity ect.... We need help in organising, screen printing, flyposting, leaflet distribution...

The admission is fixed at 40p. for unwaged/claimants, & 60p. for others.

This is taken on trust.

Expenses to be met weekly are:

£5 - hire of room

£5 - for publicity (POSTERS & LEAFLETS)

£5 - for Disco hire (Unless bands do their own, which would be in their own interest - financial!)

This is until we fix-up a regual DISCO, we hope to soon (We have a willin' D.J. with tapes, ect...) but no equipment as yet.

A fter these expenses are met, the proceeds are split 25% to the Claimants Union & 75% to the bands/artists. Clearly, the amount we can pay bands depends on the number of people attending that night. This varies from week to week, but the organisers cannot take responsibility for this (mainly 'cos there's no money in any "kitty"). No-one makes any money at all from the "1 IN 12", even the volunteers pay on the doo! Because we work on a shoe-string budget we think it is only fair not to allow anyone "complimentary" tickets/or "Free" entrance ect...

After all, 40p./60p. is Fuck-all.

Some bands/artists do their own publicity as well, & it is obviously a good idea if bands help in fly-posting ect.. The more publicity= the more people coming= the more the bands get.

Also every Thursday at 7 o'clock prior to the opening of the club, an open meeting/get together is held for anyone interested, to help to decide on the general running of the club.

FOR FURTHER DETAILS PHONE THE CLAIMANTS UNION ON TUESDAY, - Bfd. 308979.
OR CALL IN AT 9, SOUTHEROCK TER, TUESDAY 10-3.

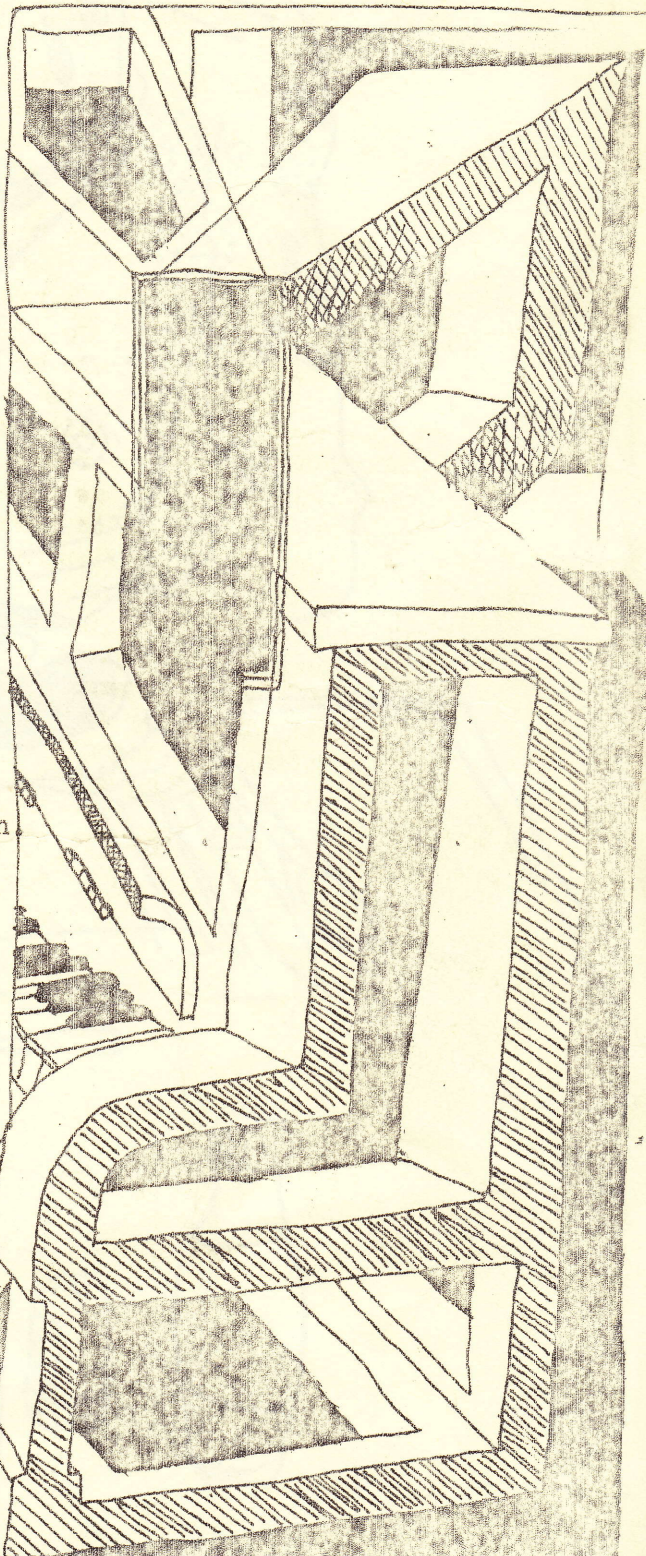


suggested that, by intercepting radio signals, the British army is able to detonate IRA bombs itself

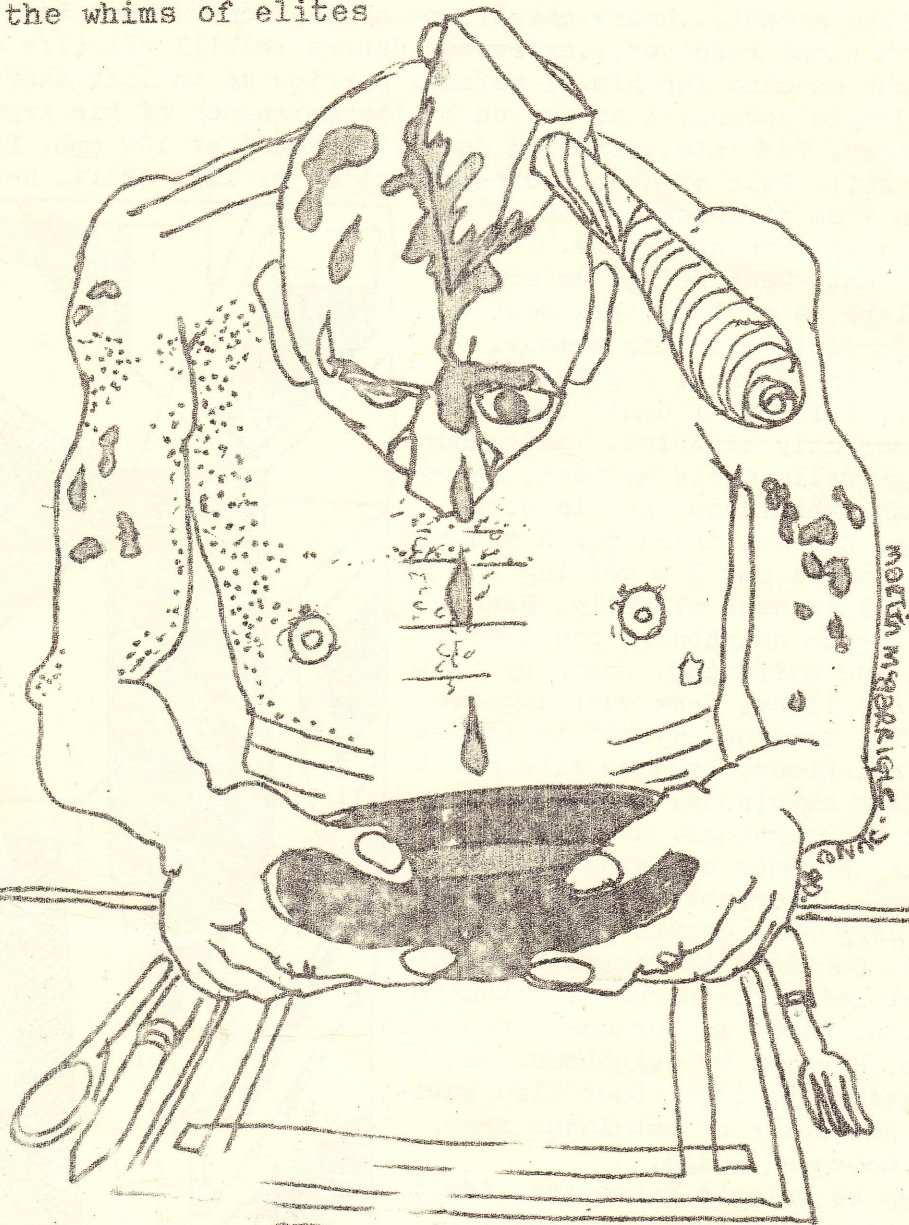


10.45 a.m. Sitting in my office...guy from next door comes round...he hasn't come for a cup of tea....his kid disappeared last night...this morning, bloodstains at top of lift shaft- body at bottom of lift shaft. Neighbour heard beating kid during afternoon by 109 witnesses. The guy is out on bail, charged with murder. Cleaning lady swears that he was hitting kid on head with television at 3.30 when she did his apartment. She remembered bloodstains on the carpet. ...I size guy up...a big gorilla... 7 foot tall...italian accent...hairy chest...no clothes on...three legs...grabs me by neck...hits me with phone receiver...expresses desire to kill all life forms on planetwants me to take on case for him. I refuse. Carries me to lift shaft. Holds me above his head...emits jungle scream. I am swayed by the poignancy of his argument. I burst into tears. Take case. Too late...falling down lift shaft at 100 mph. Bit worried. land on something soft. Pile of dead bodies at bottom of lift shaft. Recognise 12 other private detectives from different parts of the building. Survive with sprained ankle. Take lift back to apartment. Meet neighbour again. He apologises. Claps me on back. Dislocates shoulder blades. Horrible blinding agony. Pays twelve dollars in advance. I sit and cryring neighbour, tell him I can't take the case 'cos I'm permanently disabled. Neighbour pushes fist through wall. Grabs my neck. Shoves me against the desk. Shoulders back in place. Agree to take case. Sit and think for a minute. Neighbour pops in to see how I'm getting on. No progress so far. Twists neck slightly. Horrible blinding agony. Ring up neighbour. can't take case...gross pain and suffering. Drops by again. Punches head against floor. Neck much improved. Take case again. Try to drown myself in toilet bowl. Rescued by neighbour. Bruises ribs a bit getting me out. Ring ambulance. Rushed to hospital. Visited by neighbour. He eats my flowers and drinks contents of urine bottle. Reads me his poetry. Interrupt by agreeing to take case again. Very near death. hysterics. Nervous breakdown. Confined to mental institution. Find out that neighbour works as attendant at said institution. Gives me personal attention I slash my wrists. Rescued by neighbour, mouth to mouth resuscitation. No idea about life saving. Rescued from neighbour by ambulance crew. Broken teeth and collapsed lungs.

21.57....Resign as private detective. Admit to dropping neighbours kid down lift shaft because of being bothered by the noise. Arrested. Neighbour acquitted. C'est la vie.



Most of the production system and its associated
infrastructure dont serve human needs, but satisfy
the whims of elites



Southern Death Cult

Edible Marquetry

AT THE "1 IN 12" CLUB - 22nd OCT. 1981.

Punters were slow to arrive although the bar downstairs was packed, but by the time the 1st band - EDIBLE MARQUETRY were on stage & ready to begin they were arriving in large No.s eventually totalling 80 or more. Which goes as one of the best attended nights to date. It's difficult to give an objective account of either band as I'm not familiar with either's set (REASON: both bands 1st gigs) but I was impressed with both bands.

EDIBLE MARQUETRY played a sound set to a mildly interested audience but there was little response between songs. The rhythm section maintained a continuous (perhaps P.I.L. like) beat while jarring guitar & vocals were haphazardly thrown on top.

A satisfactory basis for SOUTHERN DEATH CULT - who, it has to be said, are a strikingly visual band but unfortunately they were hardly enhanced by their surroundings & the sound quality. Despite this the atmosphere was expectant, this being their debut gig. AKY's tribal drumming(?) & a grinding but often melodic bass line was interwoven with interesting one-string guitar efforts. However I couldn't help thinking that most of their power on the night came from the energetic vocals but perhaps this was because the drums weren't coming through as well as they should. They performed 5 or 6 songs competently & even inspired 4 or 5 people into dancing, myself amongst them. (THERE GOES MY STREET CREDIBILITY)

Again they did not receive the applause they deserved but the gig if nothing else will serve as a warm-up for the band.

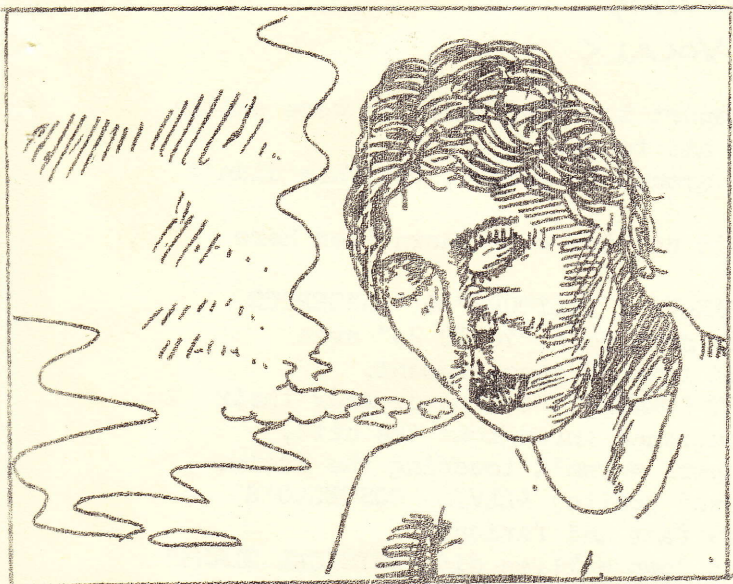
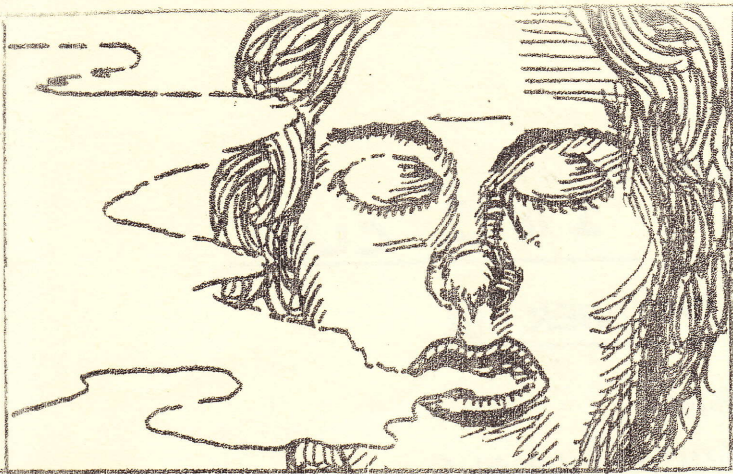
CONCLUSION : INSPIRING.

A totally unbiased summary by
JONT.



CONSPIRACY







96
TEARS

AT THE "1 IN 12" CLUB

15th OCTOBER '81

TIM - BASS
ANDY - GUITAR/VOCALS
MICK - DRUMS
STEVE - VOCALS

The Band didn't arrive till late, due to transport trouble! While we were waiting MAZ (Our resident D.J.) kept us busy with his tapes. This week we had another "fantastic" turnout, around 20 people, but this didn't deter the band who did a hearty set!

The lads hail from the Keighley way, so their not too well known over here - as tonite proves!

The first No's were "QUICK JOEY SMALL" then "HEROES & TRAITORS" & "DANGEROUS ALTERNATIVE" all the bands own material. Their next song "16 TO 23" even got RIK! pogoing & grooving which gave the band lotz of encouragment.

BUDDY HOLLY'S "RAVE ON" & PENETRATIONS "SILENT COMMUNITY" followed. Andy their guitarist/vocalist kept a good rap with the audience throughout the nite, & on the faster tracks it looked like his fingers weren't touching the frets. "YOU DON'T CARE" (An apt No. for those who missed tonite) & ELVIS COSTELLO'S "MYSTERY DANCE" & NEW YORK DOLL'S "PILLS" flew fast and furious.

An Anti-Sexist song of the bands "OH LADY" went down well, as did "PHYSICAL GLASS"

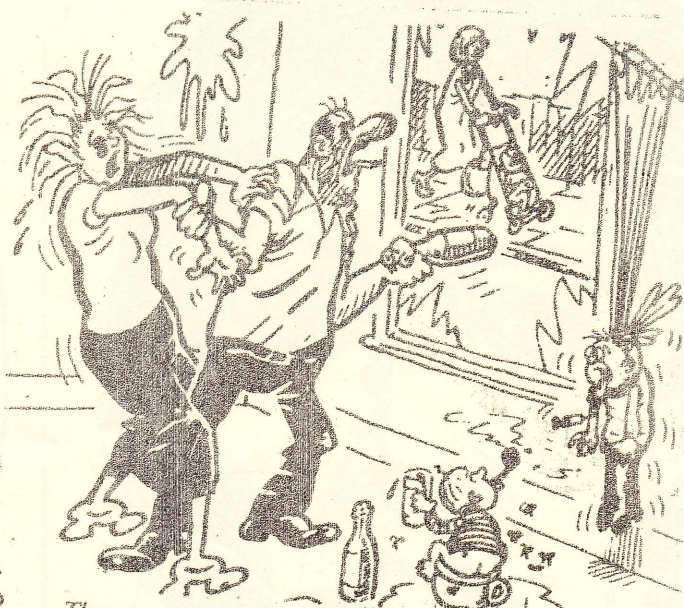
The punters wanted more & the band were obliging & encored with THE WHO'S "SUBSTITUTE" then their own "GLUE BOY" & "STREETFIGHTER"

STIFF SHIT.

requiem! requiem! requiem! requiem! requiem! requiem!

are a four piece guiseley based band for med in november 1980 by JONT-voice bass PAUL-drum and me HITCH-guitar our most recent recruit is a Nick who is going to play synth. our music is difficult to describe being influenced by bands such as magazine killing joke bauhaus and the cure but sounding nothing like any of these. during the past year we've had two trax featured on the @pathy compilation cassette released last january which may still be available from the mucho big @pathy corporation probably mentioned elsewhere in this magazine. we've also done about eight gigs since we formed the largest being the fourth idea benefit at bradford university. as far as the future is concerned we plan to go into the studio fairly shortly and then release a cassette of about eight songs for release in mid november. finally we are looking for a new bassist because JONT wants to concentrate more on his singing. anyone wanting to contact the band about this to offer us gigs or just for more information can write to me HITCH at 128 otley rd guiseley Leeds LS20 8Lz or ring me on guiseley 77374- - - HITCH-

...of!black!hearts!?!a!kult!of!black!hearts!



There goes one of them One Parent Problem Families!

"BACKSLIDER" - Want a Drummer!
PHONE-CHRIS on BFD. 307443
6.30-7.30 ANY NITE!
"LIKING 'CURRIES' AN ASSET?"

POEMS

LOONIES ON THE LOOSE.

In the four walled asylums of the mind
Where Freuds fact finders fact find
They take down notes in a marbelette book
And analise every other look.
There's a killer on the loose
And everyone's scared
A loony on the loose
With his mind impaired.
Read in the papers
How the innocent flee
'cause a high court judge
Set a crackpot free.
There's a child aged four
Who acted strange
So they took her to a shrink
To test her brains
Ahelpless infant with a low IQ
So they locked her away
In a human zoo.
A man with problems
Is given electric shocks
And filed away
Like a cardboard box
Destined for a life in a padded cell
Forgotten forever
In a living HELL.
There's a mangling maniac in the park
Stalking his victims in the dark
Just released from a top class 'bin
Where they thought they understood him.
One day he's picking daisies
The next he's got a gun
A life sized lunatic
Who kills for fun.
There's loonies on the loose
Amadman with an axe
Licenced to kill
By a Government act.

MICHAEL PARKINSON.

Fuck your Schools...
Fuck your Schools.....
End your Systems
Fuck your Schools.
No-one wants to go to school tod
-ay
Everybody is just gonna
just stay away
Exist their lives and have
some fun
Learn by mistakes and things
they've done
Not by enforced ROD & RULE.
So from now on no-one goes
to school. ..
Yes Fuck your systems
Fuck your Schools.
Let's annialate apathy &
re-learn how to see
The things that free minds,
actually need
Let's re-invent laughter
Let's re-learn how to cry
Let's embrace freedom, learn
how to ask why?
And Fuck your schools
End indifference
And learn how to learn
Oh Fuck your systems
Only one more thing thats
left to say
About babylon enforcing fools
Your nothingness doctrine
we do not need
Which stiffels young saplings
Whilst crushing the seed. .
Your education is just obsolete
tools for survival
SO FUCK YOUR SCHOOLS!

MARTIN A. MCGARRIGLE.

" The sick plank of education
we have no chioce but to walk
nullify with incosequential
crap & endless streams of
meaningless talk."

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS OUR 2nd ISSUE ARE:-

MARTIN, MAZ, TONI, SIGURD, MARY, WENDY, HITCH, JONT, STIFF SHIT,
& MICHAEL PARKINSON.

ALL CONTRIBUTORS WOULD LIKE TO THANK ALL THE OTHER CONTRIBUTORS!

I'VE BEEN PUNCHED, KICKED, SCREWED, DEFRAUDED,
 KNOCKED DOWN, HELD UP, HELD DOWN, LIED ABOUT,
 CHEATED, DECEIVED, CONNED, LAUGHED AT, INSULTED,
 HIT ON THE HEAD, MARRIED.
 SO, GO AHEAD & ASK FOR MY LIFE, I DON'T MIND SAYING.... **No!**

BANG THAT DRUM

So now the Riots have subsided like a sudden shower whatever next maybe a little organised plotting & discussion before making the big push. The Government shit itself during the burn & loots. We learnt the importance of keeping up the pressure.

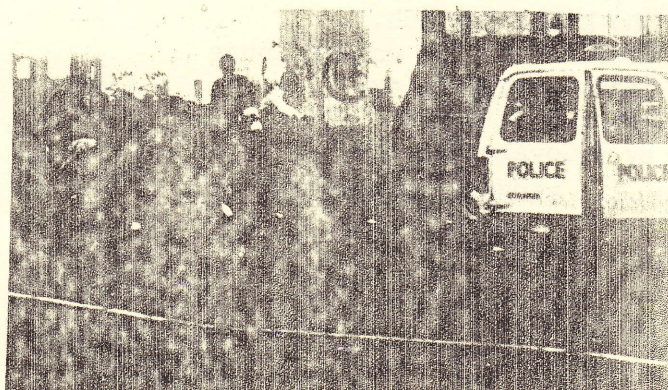


Capitalism has crumbled in this country leaving a polarized populace. Both sides of the fence want fresh starts as the only anticipated alternative. Its about time too, even during the 'GREAT' 'BRITISH' 'EMPIRE' London & other cities had its starving miserable poor.

Britain had the power to sap the 'darkies'? but couldn't find the resources or will to feed & clothe its own future resources. Its a rinky dink world that has the most successful Capitalist economy, America extolling a good many Socialist virtues (Minimum wage, Equal rights, amendment) that we dont even enjoy. Class warfare has been waged through prejudice by snobs & money-makers for centuries, now its our turn to show that property doesnt count. Fight back in the Class war until the traditional house of cards has been pulled down. We who have the least to lose are often the slowest to move partly because we are so unused to controlling our own destiny.

FORCE FUTURE NOW.

SIGURD DEBUS (WEST YORKSHIRE CELL)



MUSIC

SOME RECORD REVIEWS:-

12' SINGLE:- "White Car in Germany"- THE ASSOCIATES (SITUATION 2)

And yet again MACKENZIE & RANKINE write music. Words simply cannot explain; suffice to say that "White car in Germany" together with it's B-side "The Associate", goes further towards proving the Associates to be the leaders in that small & hallowed section of the musical fraternity called, wisely or not "groups with a direction". Mackenzie's voice makes Bowie sound like a post-war begging soldier and a worn & weary 78 r.p.m. crackle-disc. But what makes the Associates so much better than their contemporary music-makers, is the impression that the song (lyrics, sound, production, etc...) just couldn't have better- nothing should be removed; nothing added; everything is perfect.

SINGLE:- "Work" -ELECTRIC GUITARS (RECREATIONAL RECORDS)

This is ACE! There's something for everyone here: a little searing guitar, lots of whammy bar tremeloes, manically content lyrics, Funkabilly drumming. Rise & Shine, get up, get this record! Hmmm, it works!

"Wahre Arbeit Wahre Lohn"- DIE KRUPPS (ZIGZAG- IMPORT)
Raved about in the N.M.E. & by John Peel; & why not indeed? If ZIGZAG records have any sense they'd release it over here, und schnell! Die Krupps make for the metallic city sound; a solid trundling attack- persistent too; harsh lyrics in a style only the German language knows best.

ALBUM:- "Movement" -- NEW ORDER(FACTORY)

Similar, of course, in many ways to the Joy Division sound- not very surprising really. However, there are I feel two very great differences. First, the absence of the enigma that was IAN CURTIS; a man who wrote some of the most moving lines that have ever been put to music; a man who sang at times with so much vigour & at others with so much sensuality that it was always left to the listener/observer to draw his own conclusions from the feelings instilled by the Joy Division live experience. Secondly, NEW ORDER have heralded a fuller, more experimental sound with echoes & reverberations adding to the spell-binding intensity of the atmosphere which Martin Hannett had first constructed with Joy Division- a breath of fresh air sweeps in & out of it of the changes in tempo; "TRUTH" & "I.C.B." are particularly moving tracks

"Oh it's a strange day,
In such a lonely way;
Some people look down on me,
I hope they like what they see

"Taken from a killing ground
An all providing hand,
With no sense or reasons,
Making final demands"

Critics will maintain that New Order resemble Joy divisions gloomy and despondent attack upon matters metaphysical; to all of these I suggest they insert the words promiscuous and triumphant, mind you that's only my opinion.

Is there life after vinyl?

Is your house cluttered up with lots of large pieces of plastic records and cardboard sleeves? Well now is the time to break that habit and get into some smaller packages-the cassette!!!

Now it all depends on your tastes in music as to whether you'll enjoy some of the rubbish that's being thrust upon us, but here is a short run down on some of the better tapes available (and if u don't like 'em, blame ME!!!)

FROM BRUSSELS WITH LOVE (TWT 007) Absolutely the best tape around, and no-one should be without a copy! Featuring 3 jingles by John Foxx, an interview with Eno, and some fantastic music by A Certain Ratio, Bill Nelson, Gilbert/Lewis, Durutti Column and others. The quality is superb too. Its available from Rough Trade, 20r £3.25 inc.p/p 202, Kensington Park Road, London W11.

ANOTHER VIEW-LOOK (Mirage Tapes) Another great tape full of synth music, but intelligently played with songs and melodies and not boring doodlings. Its only let down by one track 'Andy P' which falls foul of wot I just mentioned, and its a pity as it spoils the atmosphere built up by the other trax. Most trax have really good drum sounds from the synths and its really hard to believe that it was recorded on a Wasp synth! Available from M K REED, 614 Southmead Road, Filton, Bristol, BS12 7TF for £2.50.

LOSS OF HEAD-DEAD AT THE CONTROLS (Phil Hartly, 2, Stanhope Drive, Horsforth, Leeds LS18 4ES £1) An interesting local-ish group who've played live occasionally and now released this tape of really good songs. Most of the trax feature vocals which are more shouted than sung! The music is propelled along with great bass leads, over which the gtr riffs and synths dront. Although the quality is a bit rough it captures the bands set in fine form. 'Security Leak' has gravelly gtr doing a reggae style rhythm and fast sawing synth, with vocal injections. Tho' a lot of the songs are similar, its an interesting purchase.



Them flowers take them away there only funeral decoration.
You are the new puritans...
and your decadence will reap discipline





'Let them kill themselves'

THE PROCEDURE for the Social Security Snoopers — Fraud Officers and Special Investigators — is set out in the *Fraud Investigators Guide*. This is a big fat book first brought out in 1978, and is for internal use only — except that someone's given *The Leveller* a copy.

The guide replaced a section of the notorious secret AX Code, which covers all DHSS fraud work. (See *The Leveller* 26 for some extracts). It is made clear that 'the change is deliberate.' The Code sets out rigid rules. The guide points investigators in certain directions and encourages them to use their initiative.

The Guide sets out the Judges' Rules, the official but widely-ignored standards for police questioning, as applying to the interviews of suspects. The Rules guarantee a right to silence, which doesn't just mean you can keep quiet, but that this won't be held against you; otherwise the right is meaningless. The Guide says: 241. He may exercise his right to refuse to answer your questions once the caution has been given. Don't give up. Keep asking. Replies such as "No comment", "You said I didn't have to answer", "Push off", should be written down. A Court will not miss their significance.

313. If, during an investigation, a suspect threatens suicide, advise him to keep matters in perspective. Point out that, if the matter gets to Court, the Courts take account of all the circumstances of a case, and any special problems he may have.

426. You will, on occasions, get the excuse "Well, I was doing it full time, but not for money. I did it for a packet of fags and a couple of pints because the boss is a mate of mine" (or "I was working off a debt"). Have this out with him. Why should public funds pay his debt or subsidise his employer? If the story is true (which is probably doubtful) then why did he not tell us? Aim by your questions to cover any points that show he must have been paid, or, just as important, that if he was not paid, he should have been, so that it can be demonstrated to a Court that he lie that he was not working was

with the aim of getting benefit that he knew he would not have received if he told the truth.

Remember the context, that to get UB you are supposed to be "available for work." There have been many cases of claimants losing UB for doing voluntary work (for a charity or community group) because theoretically they weren't available.

On "living together" — enforcing the rule that women claiming benefit who can be shown to be "living" with a man loses her entitlement — the guide is very helpful:

632. It is likely that it is only when the house is the man's normal home that observation can prove that the man lives in the house. More likely it will provide a strong presumption that falls short of proof and the aim is to build up evidence of his frequenting the house that will provide the basis for an interview.

Guidelines as to how this evidence may be built up are set out below:

- (1) On the first day watch the claimant's home at about the time a man might reasonably be expected to leave in the morning . . . If possible, carry out similar observations in the evening.
- (2) Watch the address again on the morning of the second day and, if the man is seen to leave, arrange for a review statement . . . to be taken from the claimant.
- (3) If the man's presence has not been declared, keep watch again on the third day. If you do not know where he works, follow him to find out.

LAST L14 AT "1 IN 12"
 "BLACK CROSS" CLUB
 BENEFIT!
 AT THE "1 IN 12" CLUB
 THURS. 17TH DEC.
 THE MYSTERONS
 +
 ANTHRAX
 "PLUS"
 "BLACK FUTURE"
 A FILM MADE IN BRADFORD
 1981

Three days is all that's required, as far as the DHSS is concerned, a woman who has a feller to stay for three days is "living with him". So:

628. In some cases, the relationship may be so new or uncertain that you will need to discover who the man is before establishing whether the "living together" criteria are met.

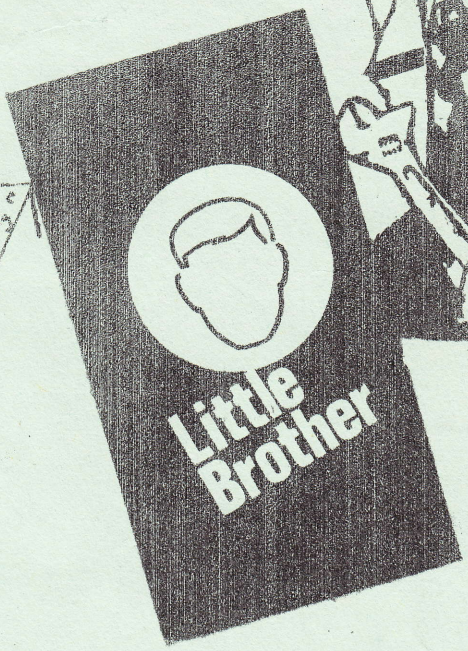
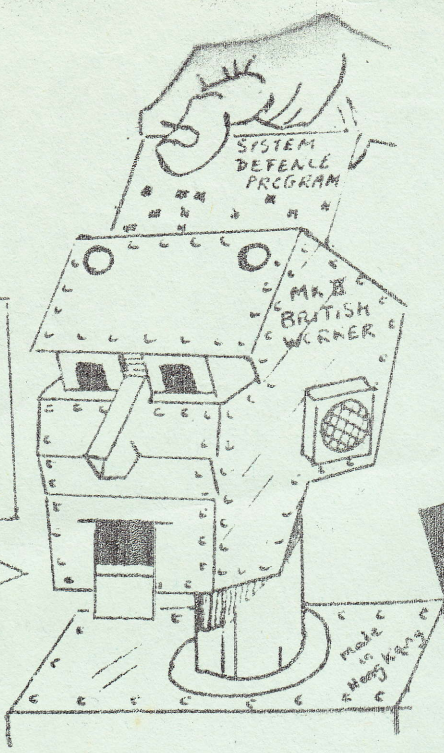
636. If she initially denies a man's presence, do not reveal at once all the information that you have obtained. Ask her to explain each item separately and ensure that her answers are recorded verbatim. Any lies and evasions can then be brought to the attention of the Court and will help demonstrate her intention to defraud.

The Guide goes on to show how to harass, not people allegedly living together, but people who allegedly aren't: "fictitious and collusive desertion" is when a couple split up so that the woman can claim.

663. If the separation is thought to be genuine, deal with the case as in the (AX) Code. But if the desertion is suspected of being fictitious, the approach should be one of fraud and your enquiries directed to establishing whether offences by either the husband or the wife, or both, can be proved.

It's not just the assumption that a stable couple will shatter their own collective life just to swindle a few quid from the DHSS. It's that when couples split up for their own reasons, the DHSS assumes it may be so, and sets about proving it.

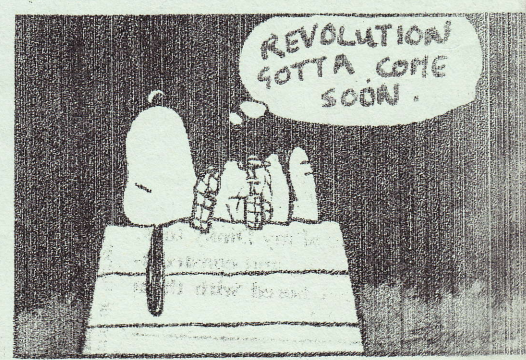
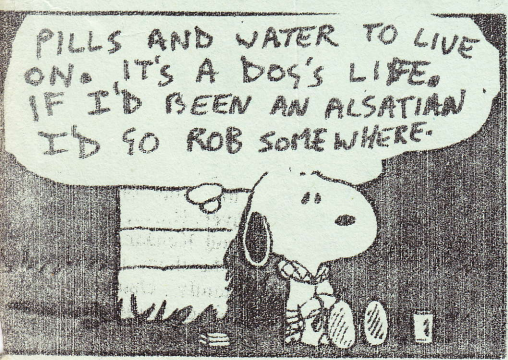
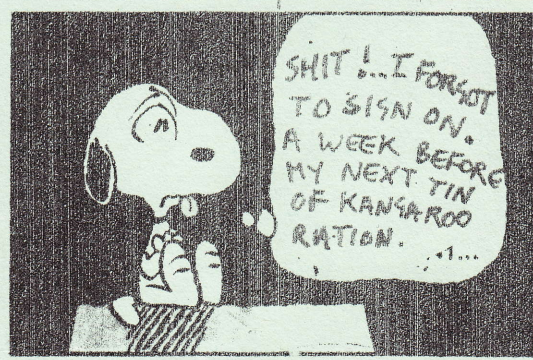
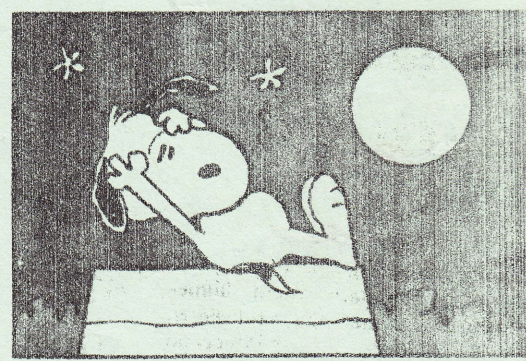
LISTEN...
DONT GIVE ME
NONE OF THAT
CRAP - THIS IS
THE BEST
COUNTRY IN
THE WORLD...

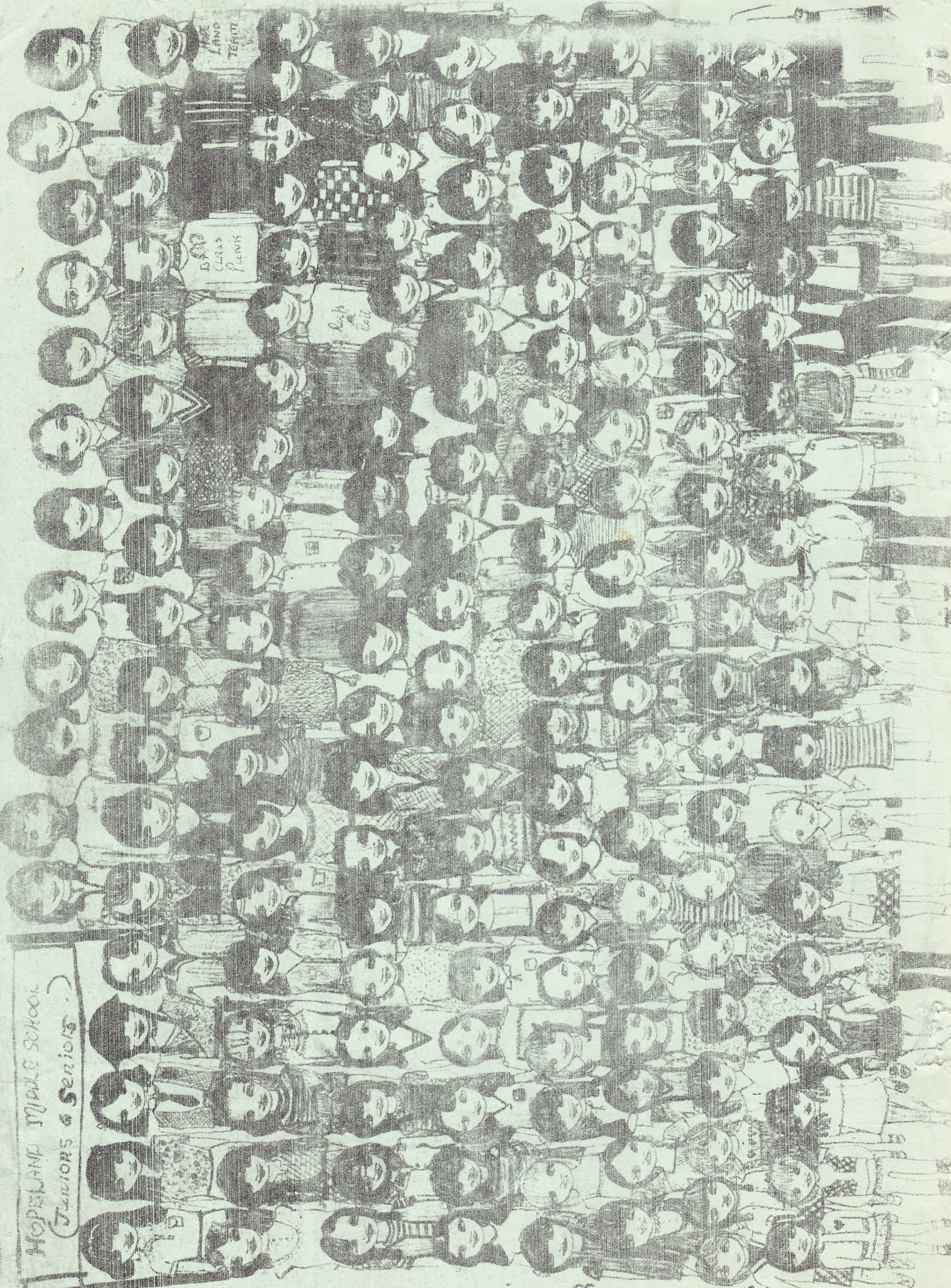


"CIVILIZATION" THE VERY WORD IS A
"MOCKERY" - A HUMORLESS JEST.
YOU CALL YOURSELVES CIVILIZED
WHILE YOU POLLUTE THE VERY AIR
YOU BREATHE - THE VERY LAND
YOU LIVE UPON!!

PEANUTS

featuring
"Good ol'
Charlie Brown"
by SCHULZ





HOPKINS MIDDLE SCHOOL
Juniors & Seniors

FANZINE OF THE "1 IN 12" CLUB 20



BUT WITH **MOLOTOV!** HER PROBLEMS VANISHED IN DAYS



MOLOTOV dissolves away unsightly warts painlessly without cutting or cauterisation. It's a clear, colourless liquid that penetrates deep into the common wart destroying the cells from within. Warts just melt away, leaving your hands smooth and beautiful 'Compound W' from chemists everywhere.

Poetry Olympics

Why lips are sealed to 'nepotism' charge

Horowitz — In his 'poet's outfit' of hairy tweed jacket with leather patches, floral shirt and billious green trousers — to sing Blake's *An Sunflower* and introduce Michael Horowitz — a man whose name is often

STAMP OUT BORING POETRY

Archway, beneath that vaulted ceiling which has sheltered untold hordes of tourists from that stifling combination of temperature and inclemency which passes for the British climate, stand memorials to Keats, Shelley, Shakespeare and other merchants of wailing doggerel: Poets' Corner.

Why, at the back of the hall, the poetry fiends are steering their children towards the exit. "Right! Kirsten... Joshua... time to go home now!"

poets came and went: the feast impressive was Horowitz reads Walcott's *Forest Of Europe*, but for some unknown reason inserts the information that Walcott was born in St Lucia in 1920 in the middle of the penultimate

And Poetry, as a social force in England is no nearer the cultural mainstream of rock, TV, football and politics than it was before.

Canada's Dennis Lee in his absurd kaffien, reciting an interminable mock-nursery rhyme about pixies and the

compensation — Horowitz's wife Fran read a Spenser poem at the event, taking up more of the night's two-hour span than any other item, and — in addition to their own scheduled readings from their own work and that of such

mentioned when the question "Who is the worst poet in Britain?" is asked — and designed to attract attention to poetry as a vital cultural force, a gesture of solidarity between poets of all nations. A Gold Medal for the muse!



ILLUSTRATIONS FOR THIS ISSUE STOLEN FROM NME SOUNDS BATTLE TV TIMES 2000AD MY GUY HORSE & HOUND BEANO GUARDIAN DANDY SPARE RIBS MURDER NOT IN MAKE ETC

ADVERTISEMENT

"In three weeks my whole

MOLOTOV? YES, YOUR FRIEND'S RIGHT. IT IS THE SURE ANSWER TO NAIL BITING PROBLEMS. USE IT EVERY DAY — IT'S COLOURLESS & QUICK DRYING — JUST SEE THE DIFFERENCE IN 3 WEEKS



ISSUE ONE OF **MOLOTOV COMICS!**



3 WEEKS LATER WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT THINGS COULD CHANGE SO FAST... LONGER, LOVELIER NAILS & A SPARKLING DIAMOND RING... THANKS TO **MOLOTOV COMICS!**



will-power in a bottle Available from chemists

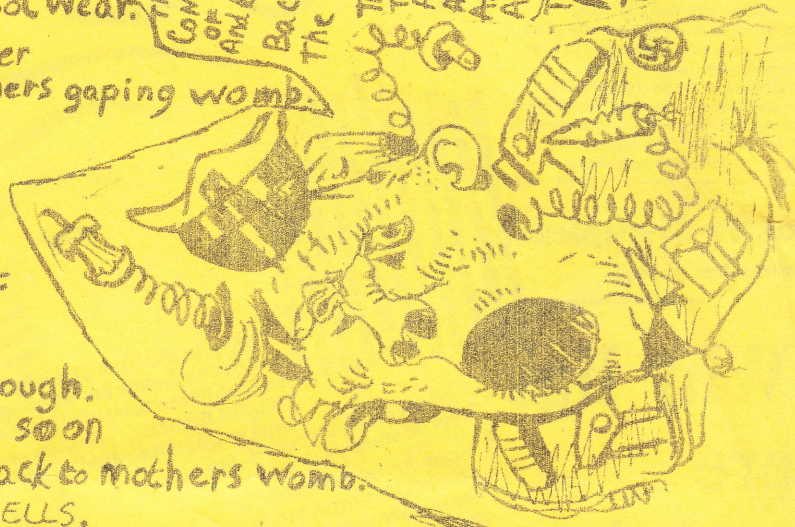
NO DEPOSIT NO RETURN



Yes officer, I watch
QUIETLY
THE UNIFORM SHOES ORDERS FEARLY
THEY WERE WILLING TO KILL IN GERMANY
KOSTIK SPIT AND BUSH OF THE BIRCK ROOM STICK
COMMANDS RESPECT, THE STUPID DICK
FROM CHINA NIES + SWEET, SWEET SMOKE
IN THE SKY
IT WAS KIND OF BLACK WITH SILVER BITS
THE SPIT + BUSH SWIVEL STICK
OF ORDERS BARKED + SPAT
AND TAKEN DOWN BY STUPID TWATS
BACK ON THOSE WHO TRUSTED IN
THE NAZIS DRESSED IN BLACK
THE POWER OF A UNIFORM TO CATCH A LADIES
AND ALLOWING SILVER EMULETTES
AND HOURS SPENT IN THE TRIMMER SILVER
AND THIS SORT OF MAN WILL DANCE ALL NIGHT
THE UNIFORMS IMPROVED BY RED
ALTHOUGH IT DOESN'T SHOW
THE BOOTS GET WET
WET WITH THE RED
THAT RUNS FROM THE HOLE
IN THEIR UNIFORM HEADS.

Post adolescent working class white boy
sexless exclamation mark screams
stark bollock hatred thru' wounds inflicted
By paltry peasant fists and industrial footwear.
Driven by a ceaseless need to be a cold hard lover
To excrete his jagged cold hard seed into mothers gaping womb.

He didn't ask to be ejected
Like so much unloved stinking shit
From his sweating co-creator
Slimy crease to slimy pit
From womb to afterbirth smeared bucket
Delivered by white jacket gods
Spit out as a half formed reject
From slumbering to screaming in one easy cough.
Doomed by the fact he was born to soon
Driven by the ugly need to clamber back to mothers womb.
SEETHING WELLS.



B-Streamed

The accents on nice
The beads and brown rice
Set the pace with Guardian reading
A belief in early weeding
A love of kids with breeding
And the nice get creamed
And the stammer and the stutter
Get pissed on in the gutter
Sort them out young and tell them they're bastards
Tell them to stop 'cos they'll never get started
You're B-streamed and don't you forget it.

Cardres of cropped caucasian children
White negroes born to be spat on
Flock to be come Andy Capps
Nailed to the foot of the Swastika crap
People unite, the middle class whites hiss and boo
And slope of home to their Poggenpohl cacoons
Baez smiles and Dylan croons
You're B-streamed, you're SHIT
Your face doesn't fit
You're B-streamed

AND DON'T Y...

